

## SHALL BABY DIE?

## Cholera Infantum Now Menaces Homes.

## Mothers Warned to Look Sharp to Child's Food.

## Diet Wrong When Infant Cries Continually.

## Children of Physicians Fed on Lactated Food.

## Delicate, Sickly Ones Thrive Wonderfully On It.

The hot weather puts a pressing question to every mother—a question that demands an immediate answer.

It is impossible to postpone looking the great problem of infant feeding fully in the face. Has every precaution been taken to keep baby well during the summer? Is the baby running any risk from cholera infantum?

People have begun to learn that medicines for infants are more sparingly used in physicians' families than in any others, and that the well educated physician, when the mother's milk, for any reason, is not sufficient, brings up his own children on lactated food.

There are no healthier or plumper babies than those fed on lactated food. Fewer cases of summer diarrhoea and cholera infantum occur in homes where this superb nutriment is employed than in others. The most carefully, intelligently guarded children are those fed on lactated food. Every infant who is not thriving, has poor color, or shows small gains in weight and size, should be given this perfect infant food. It is relished by young children, and there is no difficulty in inducing them to take it in quantities sufficient to insure their growth and healthy condition. During the exhaustive hot days of summer, while teething and during the weaning period, lactated food stands its best test as an ideal infant food for all trying occasions.

When for any reason the mother cannot nurse the child, or when her milk is insufficient or poor in quality, the best trained nurse uses lactated food at once. It is known to invariably make firm flesh, a clear skin, bright eyes, and to strengthen the body so that diarrhoea, cholera infantum and exhausting summer sickness do not easily gain a footing. And a great blessing it is to countless humble homes that for 25 cents a mother can buy a package that contains enough to make 10 pints of pure cooked food.

## WOODMONT-BY-THREE-SEA.

July 19.—The Millard band did good credible work last evening in front of the Sanford house. The place was brilliantly lighted with Chinese lanterns, and had on a holiday appearance. At the Goodell cottage red lights and lanterns, together with the accustomed torch, made things lively, and the fireworks from Great Rock crowned all. Mr. Sanford is to be congratulated on the success of his undertaking.

Mrs. and Miss Chipman and Mr. Seymour left Hotel Pembroke yesterday for a cottage.

Mr. Clarence Anderson, the energetic young business man of Bridgeport, spent the night at Woodmont with Mr. Stiles Goodsell yesterday.

Mrs. Goodsell, mother of Mr. Granville Goodsell, is spending the week here.

Great preparations are going on for the hop at Hotel Pembroke this week Saturday.

This evening one of the ladies gave a progressive whist party in the hotel parlors at Mrs. Abbe's.

Mr. and Mrs. Munson of New Haven called upon Mrs. Cleveland Thompson yesterday at Hotel Pembroke.

## WALLINGFORD.

There seems to be a likelihood now that the long talked of side track from the Consolidated road to the factories of R. Wallace & Sons will soon be built. The right of way through the property between the two points has been secured. The track will be a great benefit to R. Wallace & Sons.

The case against J. W. Aldridge for assault on C. B. Gillespie came up before the borough court at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The assault in question occurred in Mr. Aldridge's store sometime ago, when the proprietor ejected Mr. Gillespie, who is the agent of the Meriden Journal, for what he considered abusive language.

Mrs. R. W. Lynch and daughter Alice arrived home yesterday from a visit to Wisconsin.

E. M. Hubbard and Miss Georgiana Hubbard are at Crescent Beach.

F. J. Taylor's ball team will play in Winsted this afternoon. Ives and Downey will be the battery.

Thomas Galligan's baby died Thursday evening and will be buried this morning.

L. A. Northrop was at work yesterday putting the gas pipe on the Colony street watering tank on the outside of the tank instead of in the inside of the water pipe, as heretofore. The horses objected to the taste of gas in the water.

Mrs. W. H. Gwin of Providence is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Homey of Wallingford.

The Wallingfords play the Amaranth in Meriden this afternoon.

## Meriden Builders Fall.

Meriden, July 19.—Charles L. Little, one of the foremost contractors and builders of this city, made an assignment in the probate court this morning. He named Benjamin Page as trustee, and a hearing will be held on July 26. The liabilities will exceed \$25,000, but the assets are estimated at about \$10,000.

## SWINDLED FIVE NEWSBOYS

## EDWARD JUDD'S PETTY SCHEME FOR RAISING THE WIND.

Coughlin and Wife Charged With Embezzlement—George Tarrant Accused His Wife, Stole Her Money and Ran Away—Other Arrests Made Yesterday.

Edward A. Judd, who has a long police record, is a sorry swindler, if his recent exploits in that direction are taken as a criterion. For two or three months he has been systematically swindling the newsboys of the city out of small sums of money, ranging from five cents to twenty cents, and aggregating in the whole about \$150. There are at present five cases against him, and it is expected that more will develop to-day.

Judd's modus operandi has been to accost the newsboys on the street, and after finding out how much money they had, secure it from them and send them on a wild goose chase to some fictitious number on any street where he said they could sell a quantity of newspapers. They were then to return to Judd and he was to refund them the money. Just what inducements he used to get the money from the boys is not apparent. Of course, when the boys returned Judd was nowhere to be seen.

Yesterday afternoon Judd was caught at his tricks by Patrolman C. J. Egan, and was arrested and locked up. He will be arraigned in the city court this morning. The newsboys who are Judd's victims were Henry Oliniski, Moses Colter, David Brodsky, and Philip Hermann.

Patrick H. Coughlin and wife of 177 Meadow street were arrested last evening by Officers J. and P. E. McQueney and locked up, charged with embezzlement. They are accused of securing a quantity of furniture from H. F. Blogg & Bro., and attempting to sell it to a second hand dealer in furniture.

They bought the furniture on the installment plan and sold it to the second hand furniture dealer before the installments had been paid. The second hand dealer thought that there was something wrong about the transaction, and notified Blogg, hence the arrest.

George Tarrant, who has until recently lived at 1000 Grand avenue, was arrested by Officer H. J. Donnelly and locked up, charged with breach of the peace. Several weeks ago he assaulted his wife so seriously that she became unconscious, after which he took \$25 belonging to her and left the city. After the money was gone he returned to this city and was arrested by Officer Donnelly, his wife having in the meantime made a complaint to the city attorney, and a warrant for his arrest having been issued.

Daniel Holloway was arrested last night and locked up, charged with theft. He is accused of stealing a black alpaca skirt worth \$5 and a looking glass, the property of Della Millard.

## PERSONAL NOTINGS.

Charles H. Loomis and Miss Mabel F. Loomis are enjoying one of Raymond-Whitcomb's excursion trips to Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River and the White Mountains.

Miss Sarah E. Briggs of this city is on one of the same firm's excursion trips up the St. Lawrence river and rapids to Montreal.

Mrs. C. M. McCall and niece, Miss Lora, are at Long Beach, L. I., and will go from there to Ocean Grove and the mountains. It was inadvertently stated that they had gone to Asbury Park, and were to go to the Berkshires.

Edward J. Phelps, formerly city editor of the Hartford Courant, and at one time of this city, was recently elected secretary of the municipal civil service commission of Chicago.

John J. Ailing, of the Dixwell avenue pharmacy, and family are stopping at the Baldwin cottage, Branford Point.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Pierce of 560 Westinghouse street will spend a week traveling through this state and Massachusetts.

The Misses Hattie and Nettie Platt are visiting in this city after an absence of three years in Rome, N. Y., where they now reside.

Henry C. White and George D. Seymour, of the firm of Earl & Seymour, sail to-day on the steamer Kaiser William II. for a European trip. They will be absent until September.

Miss Mae Gilbert of 581 State street and Miss Cora Dexter are stopping for two weeks with Mrs. C. H. Fernald at Westfield, Mass. About August 1 they will go to Montauk Inn, Indian Neck, for the rest of their vacation.

To Enlarge a Factory. Torrington, July 19.—C. D. Janson, a well known contractor of this place, was to-day awarded the contract for the Eagle Bicycle company's new factory. The building is to be 300x150 feet, two stories high, and will be built of brick. Work will commence immediately.

Connecticut Naval Reserve. Middletown, July 19.—General Charles P. Graham in an interview to-night said that he expected to hear from the navy department at Washington soon with reference to the detailing of one of the United States vessels for the summer cruise of the naval reserves of Connecticut. About two months ago General Graham received from Washington a letter of inquiry asking about the needs of the Connecticut reserves. Word was sent back that the Connecticut reserves contemplated a cruise if a vessel could be secured. Nothing has been heard from the department since the inspection held in New Haven by Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo. General Graham, however, said that he had no reason to believe that the Connecticut reserves would not be provided with a boat and a cruise may be expected.

THE CARTRIDGE EXPLODED. And Young Minor is Missing Three Fingers on His Right Hand.

Edward S. Minor, eighteen year old, whose home is at 286 James street, met with a painful accident at the Fenwick club house yesterday. He was engaged in loading a cartridge for a yacht cannon, when it exploded and badly injured his right hand. He was brought to the hospital in this city, where it was found necessary to amputate three fingers.

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**LORILLARD'S ROSE LEAF CUT PLUG**

If one knew the price before trying it, he'd be surprised to find it so good. If one learned the price after smoking it, he'd be astonished to find it so cheap. Big Value and Little Money never got closer than in this tobacco.

## JERSEY "WASH-DAY."

A Salt-Water Festival on the Coast at Sea Girt.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, in an article on "American Rural Festivals" in the Century for July, writes as follows:

Of those which I have seen, and those of which I have been able to gather accounts, the one smacking most pleasantly of old-time rustic revelry, and therefore to be offered honorable precedence in this recital, is the "Salt Water Day," or "Wash Day," of the New Jersey farmers, that since time out of mind has been celebrated on the second Saturday in August, upon the coast at Sea Girt.

To make this Jersey holiday, assemble a thousand back-country vehicles, of all sorts, from the hooded farm wagon, which has not greatly altered its pattern for centuries, to the rude buckboard and the pet sulky. The horses are withdrawn from shafts or pole to be tethered behind the wagons or picketed at a little distance in the rear. Around the impromptu camp gather people enough to blacken half a mile of the sandy shore—people who for months have been looking forward to the occasion as the chief holiday of the year.

Cedar chest and camper-trunk, and flowered handbox have been called upon to disgorge their treasures, but there is no other attempt at consuming than the assumption of mere Sunday best. An odd feature of the great concourse is the seriousness with which it takes its pleasure. A solemn, even strained, expression of determination to revel or die sits upon the majority of faces. During the unharnessing of wagons which have been arriving upon the scene since early dawn—camping overnight being not infrequently the good wives unpack their luncheon-baskets, take out of their pies, and, if need be, while away the time by methodically administering punishment of the good old-fashioned variety to their impatient youngsters.

Around the outskirts of the concourse are seen the booths and rostrums of the farmers attracted from New York by the promise of rich harvest from the "foreign" markets. There is also a wide range, a merry-go-round and a doll target at which balls are thrown for prizes. Many another cheap diversion offers itself during the explorations of the farmer and his wife and clamorous progeny, and more than one pinch of dire experience falls to the lot of the paying member of the party. The nasal cries of the Yankee Autozygus offering his inkles, caddies and lawns are continually heard above the swelling murmurs of Jersey joviality.

Fairer over, there is a general retreat to the tent dressing-rooms improvised with shawls and canvas curtains in connection with the vehicles. The great annual bath of the pilgrims is next in order, and down to the shining reach of ocean, where the crisp billows hurry in, presently troop the queerest processions of bathers ever seen out of a caricature. Many of the men and boys, declining change of dress, go into the water in their ordinary clothes, sunning themselves afterward in the hot sand until toasted dry again. Others put on shirts from which sleeves have been removed, and trousers cut off at the knee. The bathing outfit of the women reveals droll miscellanies of bygone fashion in cut and texture, some of the more or among the matrons including pantaloons, sun-bonnets and gloves. With sober mirth, demure smiles, suppressed cries of excitement, the phalanx moves into the surf, taking hands to jump discretely up and down in long lines, safe within the danger-line. To the greater number this venture into the sea is actually no more than an annual experience.

After the bath, noontime turns all thoughts dinnerward, and the camp settles down into one vast picnic. Pies of all kinds suggest the Italian-chanted without taking breath of the feminine hotel-waiter in the ear of the summer boarder: "Apple-pie, mince-pie, tart-ple, lemon-pie, squash-pie and pie-ple-ple." Doughnuts (called "nuts" in the vernacular), cheese in liberal wedges, ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and pickles supply the favorite menu; and lemonade and root-beer—perchance a stronger beverage—are produced in bottles each confessing by label to a different intention in its earlier career.

Then, while the summer sun slants in the cloudless heaven, the merriest goes on to its climax, more dips in the ocean are taken, more money changes hands, more solid food is consumed, till at last the shades of evening close upon the scene, and a general "hitching up" of teams betokens the end of Salt Water Day at Sea Girt.

John Wesley's Private Library. [From the Chicago Times-Herald.] The library of 4,000 volumes which William Deering gave Garrett Biblical Institute, and which arrived in Evans-ton a day or two ago from England, contained everything from a pamphlet to an octavo. Dr. M. S. Terry of the institute said: "The collection is a very complete history of the early struggles of the Methodist church. It includes many of the writings of Wesley, supporting his doctrines, and many of the assaults of his enemies. His own family collection has been obtained entire, composed largely of the literature of Methodism. The collection will not have a great practical value to the institute, but from the standpoint of the antiquarian, the lover of rarities, and the specialist in church history it will possess great interest."

On a Chicago Sky-Scraper in a Gale. Chicago's sky-scraper had a thorough test by the wind on Sunday evening, and they stood it much better than many of the lower buildings. Some suffered from broken skylights and plate glass windows, but aside from a few of these there was no damage to any of the tall edifices.

During the most terrific part of the storm, when the wind was blowing a perfect gale, the form of a man appeared upon the dome of the Masonic temple, 300 feet from the ground. To go out upon that dome would seem a piece of foolhardiness that few of the most daring would care to attempt, and yet this is what the watchman of the Masonic temple did, and all to keep a stock of cigars from getting wet.

When the storm came up a number of windows were open in this sky-scraper, and the watchman, Henry Glaser, went up the elevator to close them. In the tower are two windows each, weighing 700 pounds each, and worked by a windlass. These are both open. The rain blew in and fell on the clear stand below. Glaser went down to the engine room and put on a pair of overalls. He then went to the nineteenth story, thence to the dome, and climbing on the outside, began his dangerous task of closing the heavy trap-doors.

Below, a number of people witnessed the daring deed and stood agape, expecting every moment to see his form swept from the perilous position and dashed to pieces on the piling below. He succeeded getting one of the traps closed and stopped and glanced around for a moment and then turned to the task of closing the other. The auction below was powerful and made it difficult to manage the 700-pound trap-door, but at last he got it closed and then descended to the roof and went below, not seeming to realize that he had his life in jeopardy for nearly a quarter of an hour.

In speaking of it he talks as though

he had done some every-day, commonplace thing in which there was no danger. "Well, you see, the boys had nearly all gone," he said, "and those trap doors were open and the rain would have ruined or badly damaged the stock of cigars. The trap-doors ought to be closed, so I put on a pair of overalls and did the job. Yes, the wind was pretty stiff and it was a breezy place, but I did not mind. It is 302 feet from the ground and a tumble would have been pretty hard on a fellow, but then I did not go up there to fall down; I went up there to close the trap doors and I did it. The dome or building did not even tremble and the roof garden was pretty nearly deserted at the time. There was no damage."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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Newsp. reg. 1894.....	115 1/2	115 1/2
Newsp. coop. 1893.....	110 1/2	111 1/2
Current 64, 1893.....	108 1/2	108 1/2
Current 63, 1893.....	111 1/2	111 1/2
Current 64, 1891.....	108 1/2	108 1/2
Current 64, 1898.....	105 1/2	105 1/2
Current 64, 1899.....	108 1/2	108 1/2

  

Chicago Market, July 19, 1895.			
	May.	July.	Sept.
Wheat.....	35 1/2	35 1/2	35 1/2
Corn.....	43 1/2	43 1/2	43 1/2
Current, 1895.....	35 1/2	35 1/2	35 1/2
Port.....	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
Lard.....	6 1/2	6 1/2	6 1/2
Hops.....	8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2
New York Wheat.....	100 1/2	100 1/2	100 1/2
New York Corn.....	48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2